

Beastie Boys, Hello Brooklyn

New York New York it's a hell of a town
The Bronx is up and I'm Brooklyn down
They don't know my name they only know my initials
Building bombs in the attic for elected officials
I quit my job I cut my hair
I cut my boss cause I don't care
You tried to get slick you bust a little chuckle
You're gonna get smacked with my gold finger knuckle
Cause being as fly as me is something you never thought of
You'll be sticking up old ladies with the hand gun or the sawed-off
Like a buffalo soldier I'm broader than Broadway
Keep keepin' on I don't care what they say
I play my stereo loud it disturbs my neighbors
I want to enjoy the fruits of my labor
I am the holder of the 3-pack Bonanza
If you open the book then you will get your hand slapped
I am the keeper of the 3-pack Bonanza
If you ask a question you will get the answer
Her breast I saw I reached I felt
M.O.N.E.Y. the belt
I stay at home just like a hermit
I got the jammy but I don't got the permit
Yes you got a boyfriend and indeed his name is Slick Nick
that is why Annabelle you're caught with the shrimpy limp dick trick
I ride around town cause my ride is fly
I shot a man in Brooklyn *just to watch him die*